

## Pigments, Imagination

A flake of the forest, burnishing, falling, nudging. High in the far branches a dunnock sings undeterred. Nothing eclipses the fittingness of this. The wind's deep breaths pleasure the earth. Beneath a fidget of leaves the fed worm stirs. And a rare stream flashes four snipe.

This is the paddle that brought him back though the ocean was perilous foamy. For a year and a day he sailed forward. And the prow passed ships calling themselves Despair, Grace, Acceptance. He kept watch. In the distance Admonishment dropped from the horizon with the penny moon. And there was nothing to prove and the sea was strong and blue.

A fragment of jazz, smoky and slow. Cradling the ache of it. Two dancers, eyes clasped, savour the smouldering air. Sonorous, times' passage obliges.

*Lucy Aphramor 2006*

